

looked up towards heaven, and raising his arms, he called in baby-language, "Pa in a 'ky!" This was Bertie's first call upon God. Did he not translate into his infant language the first words of the great pattern prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven?" As he grew older, when Bertie had any little troubles, God, his Heavenly Father, was always his refuge. He would often say, when any event had transpired favorably, "Oh! I knew it would be so; I prayed, and God always hears me when I ask him."

When Bertie was five years old, a baby-sister was born, and he and little Ernest were left too much in the care of servants. He became impatient of their control, and on one occasion he was confined to his own room as a punishment. A servant overheard him praying amidst sobs and tears, "Lord, make me a good child; let them say to grandpa when he comes home, 'Bertie's the best child.' Take poor mamma's sorrows away. Oh! take this bad heart away, and give me a new one, that I may obey my mamma!"

It was not long after Mrs. — was able to leave her room, that the following scene occurred: The good seed that had been so early planted by parental faithfulness had taken root, and the Spirit was causing the tender germ to appear, giving promise of the precious fruits of righteousness that was so apparent to those who were watching the result of this experiment. Why, Christian parent, should it be thought a thing incredible, that God should be faithful to his promises? O that you *would believe*, and take your own little lambs to the fold of Jesus! Suffer the word of exhortation. O that some more gifted writer would plead the cause of these little ones, that the faith of Sunday-school teachers and of parents might be strengthened to suffer little children to come to Jesus!

"About this time," says the mother, "he was heard crying some time after he had retired to rest. I went to him immediately, when he burst out afresh in an agony of grief, 'Oh! mamma, what shall I do?—My sins! my sins!' I told him that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. That he had said, 'Suffer little children to come,' and that almost his last words on earth were, 'Feed my lambs,' etc.

"It was a blessed season. in that lonely chamber, with no light of a candle. We needed none, for the Lord our God gave us light. Taking that little head upon my breast, we talked of Jesus, and of that death which he had accomplished at Jerusalem, and that for little Bertie, that he might not perish, but have eternal life. At last I found that a calm had succeeded, and that 'Peace, be still!' had been whispered amid the tumult of his soul.

"The child was not delivered by human arm, or even by a mother's tenderness, but by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. Bertie's faith came by hearing. He was a little child, so he took God at his word! I never after this heard him express a doubt or fear of acceptance in his life. Happy little children! From their tiny stature, they walk upright beneath the paling with which man has hedged in and hedged out the Gospel. They go in and out, and find pasture.

"Had he been older, perhaps I should have urged him to pray for some magic touch of special grace, or have marred the spotless web of my Lord's righteousness.— But I did not. He was but a babe, and I gave the pure, unmixed milk of the Word, and he grew thereby. From this time his tendency to passion was watched over, prayed over, and subdued. The spirit of adoption had fallen upon him, and from time to time such words as these were fresh from the gushings of his renewed heart: 'Dear Jesus! I love him! Oh! how I love him!' We prayed, and called God our dear Father! The date of Bertie's conversion proves him to have been five years and six months old; and from that time," continues his mother, "I often overheard him praying in his little chamber. I have reason to believe that ever after he enjoyed communion with God; for I have found him but just fallen asleep, with his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and his cheek still wet with tears."

The limit of a single column will not allow an extended sketch of this interesting child. May the article elicit some further testimony from those who are trying to be faithful in feeding the lambs of Jesus.— *Sunday School Times.*

The Twenty-Third Psalm.

The leader in opening the meeting, had read the twenty-third Psalm. A Scotch minister said: "We call the twenty-third Psalm the Children's Psalm." We teach it to all our children. I was visiting through my parish one day, and as we are accustomed to do, calling from house to house, catechizing, conversing and praying with the inmates and inquiring after their spiritual condition, and asking if they maintain family worship, when I was invited to go into a certain house, where was a sick Scotch-woman in a state of derangement. I asked her if she could repeat the Lord's Prayer, which she attempted and got through with pretty well, with a little of my help. Then I asked her to repeat the twenty-third Psalm, which she did without missing a word. Then I explained the Psalm to her, and explained the character of the Shepherd, and told her who he was. Jesus says; 'I am the Good Shepherd. I lay